Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

J. H. Vincent, Editor. [Vol. II, No. 12.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 21, 1886. [Whole No. 38.] Phillips & Hunt, Publishers.

TO-DAY, AN IRREGULAR SONNET.

BY GEO. LANSING TAYLOR, D.D.

YESTERDAY?—Eternity! I cannot recall it!
To-morrow?—Eternity! I cannot forestall it!
To-day I stand here, on a point that is flying,
And live with the living, or die with the dying.
To-day let me do with my might one day's labor;
To-day let me love God, the right, and my neighbor;
To-day be my will like a bowstring for duty;
To-day be my soul like a flower, blooming beauty;
To-day be my honor pure, loyal, and steady;
To-day be my conscience for Christ's judgment ready;
Each night let me meet, as to wake again never;
Each day let me greet, as to live on for ever;—
Live right on for ever!—a heaven diurnal!—
Each day an eternity, bright and supernal!

OLD COQUER'S MELONS.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

OLD John Coquer's melons were famous among all the dwellers in the little mongrel village of Tusquemung, whether red, black, or white, and there were a number of each sort inhabiting the group of shanties and log-cabins dignified by this musical Indian name.

"Old John," as he was called by the whites and Negroes, was a Creek Indian who, some years since, lived with his family fenced in upon a small, narrow neck of land in a bend of the Canadian near the village spoken of. I say "fenced in" because he was so much at war with his foreign neighbors, socially at least, that he had shut them off from his cabin by a nearly tight worm-fence built of large hackberry poles, notched so as to dove-tail at the ends, and laid about eight feet high. And considering this not protection enough, he also kept a pack of ugly hounds that were always ready to pounce upon any one who should be so hardy as to venture over the fence unaccompanied by the owner or some member of his family.

Old John was bitterly opposed to the Creek policy of renting their cattle range to white ranchmen, and when overcome in the councils of his nation—he had been a chief of considerable note—he withdrew from their sittings to his cabin upon the "neck," and there he lived in a state of bitter, hostile taciturnity, only holding intercourse with a few near relatives who sympathized with his views upon the rent question. Through these relatives he transacted all his buying and selling at the village.

To the "cattle-men" and their families who lived in the town—there were several white families living in the most respectable dwellings—he sold green corn, sweet potatoes, and melons in their season, and at the store of Bill Morgan, the mulatto trader, he bought his "provisions" and blankets. Besides, he owned stock—ponies and cattle—upon the range quite sufficient to make him a wealthy and influential member of his tribe before he had withdrawn from their councils in disgust.

As may be imagined, the white inhabitants of Tusquemung were quite content to leave Old John to himself, and to keep at a respectful distance from his premises. But as they were not allowed to till the soil at all, they were glad to buy the sweet corn, vegetables, and melons raised by the industry of his squaws—he had three—and papooses. These eatables were usually sold by Old John's brother, who hauled them to the village and peddled them out of an old "dump-cart," the only vehicle Coquer owned.

The melons, as I have said before, were famous with that small community. It was admitted by every body who knew of him that Old John raised the biggest, "best eatin'" melons they had ever seen, and that he had them the earliest and kept them the latest of any melon-grower in the "nation."

And thereby hangs a tale of how two melon-loving sons of ranchmen came to grief in a daring raid upon Old John's "corn-field patch."

One morning late in October the news was circulated through the village that Old John had gone to Eufala, the first time he had been known to leave the vicinity of Tusquemung since he had gone to live in the "neck," five years before.

There was quite a talk about it among the loafers, white and black, that had congregated as they did daily, unless it rained, when they went inside, along the shady stoop in front of Morgan's store, dangling their legs over the edges of numerous boxes and barrels that were piled about.

"Sut" Lowrie and Martin Westfal, sons respectively of Lowrie & Westfal, partners and extensive range renters, happened along about this time bound on a duck-shooting excursion on the North Fork, and they overheard the news.

"I say, Mart," said Sut, who was an inveterate lover of melons and mischief, "now's our time. Let's go cooning after them big late melons of Old John's."

He said it when they were out of ear-shot of all hearers.

"But the dawgs," put in Mart. "I tell you, Sut, they're more to be afeard of than Old John."

"I'll git over the fence this evening and try for some if you'll stand outside with a gun," said Sut, daringly.

"I'm agreed; but you'll never git any melons," replied Mart. "And don't you reckon on it, son."

Nevertheless, after they had come back from their hunting Sut was still determined to try, and about nine o'clock that evening he and Mart, the latter carrying a Winchester carbine, set out for the "neck," prepared to make a raid into Old John's corn-field, which lay next the fence, and where the "big melons"—the latest ones—were known to be grown.

Luckily, this was the part of Old John's premises farthest from his cabin, and therefore the farther removed from danger of discovery by the dogs.

When the boys arrived at the fence, having used great caution in approaching it, they stole along the line for some distance, when Sut, who, with his melon sack, was in the lead, made a fortunate discovery. He found a hole under one of the bottom rails big enough to crawl through. It had probably been dug by some wild animal.

"The biggest kind o' luck," he whispered to Mart. "Now we can both crawl through and into the field 'thout no danger. Gettin' over the fence was all the danger o' stirrin' up them dawgs."

And so Mart left his Winchester outside, and both crawled through and into the corn-field a few steps beyond.

It was quite dark, and as they had never dared to get near enough to the fence in daylight to locate the melons they were compelled to creep forward, searching for vines as they moved.

It was some time before they struck any, and Mart, whose courage and perseverance were not up to the level of Sut's, was about to give up in despair and turn back when he came plump upon a huge melon lying across the corn row directly in front of him.

He called to Sut in a loud whisper—Sut was crawling in the row next to him—and a few seconds later the two were seated cross-legged on each side the big melon with jack-knives opened ready for use.

Sut was the first to attack it. He cut out a huge slice and buried his teeth and nose in the saccharine pulp.

It was delicious, and in less than five minutes the young gormands had devoured all the eatable portion of that melon. Sut then announced himself "full," and proposed that they look around, fill their sack, and "git out o' this."

"Hark!" whispered Mart, excitedly. "What's that?"

Sut listened and caught distinctly the sound of pattering feet.

"It's them tarnel dawgs," he said. "We must git. They're takin' a run around the field, an' they'll strike our trail, sure."

Just then one of the hounds, for it was they, gave an eager, whining yelp, then another and another, and then a number of them joined in a prolonged howl.

"They've found our tracks," said Sut, "an' they're between us and the fence. We've got to go fer the river, an' swim for it. Come!"

Mart needed no second invitation, and both jumped to their feet and were off at their best speed.

Fortunately they knew the direction of the stream, and were but a few rods distant from the bank, and after a short spurt through the stalks they reached the edge and drew up puffing to listen.

The dogs were coming, and close at hand, too, rattling through the dry stalks with little yips of eagerness.

"Into the river and swim for your life!" gasped Sut, and in they plunged with a heavy plash that brought a chorus of excited yells from the hounds, now fearfully close by.

Sut had thought that if they could swim out a few yards from the bank—the stream was wide there and deep—before the pack reached it that the dogs would not follow.

But he was soon made aware of his mistake, for the whole pack, as they dashed up to the brink and caught sight of the swimmers, jumped in with fierce yelps and kept hard after them.

"You'll have to put in, Mart," spluttered Sut, who was ahead. "They'll drownd us if they ketch us in here."

Mart was terribly frightened, and, though a good swimmer, he now made such frantic and ill-directed efforts that he fell farther behind instead of increasing his speed.

Sut reached the opposite bank in good time and shinned up a small hackberry that fortunately stood near at hand.

He then called to Mart, but Mart was too much exhausted to answer.

The river was at that point nearly one hundred yards wide, the current extremely sluggish and filled with drifting red sand, so that fast swimming was at any time difficult; and now with his clothes and boots on Mart was having all he could do to keep his head above water.

He could hear several of the hounds close behind, breathing hard with their efforts to overhaul him, and every instant expected one of the fierce brutes to seize him by the clothing.

But he was nearing the shore. He was lower down than Sut had landed, and saw with a gleam of hope that he was heading straight for one of those tangled masses of vines depending from the trees with which the river bank abounded. There was a chance for escape if he could only make them in time to scramble up out of reach of his pursuers.

He got to them, but as he seized a pendant loop and drew himself partly out of the water one of the foremost dogs came up and grabbed the skirt of his ducking jacket.

Mart let go with one hand and struck the animal several times in the face with his fist, but the dog held blindly on, shutting his eyes, pawing the water, and jerking at the jacket.

Fortunately, the rest of the pack swam ashore just above, gathered around the trunk of Sut's tree, and set up the prolonged howl of their kind when the game they have been chasing is treed.

"What ye doin', Mart?" yelled Sut, making himself heard above the din. "I'm safe—treed!"

"There's a blamed dawg got hold of me," screeched Mart, "an' I'm hangin' to the vines an' tryin' to pound him off."

"Pull yer knife! Pull yer knife!" called Sut, "an' go for the broot."

Mart was quick to take the hint. He jerked out his knife, which was a large, bone-handled one, and, without waiting to open the blade, dealt the hound several hard blows on the head with the pointed end of the handle.

This treatment was more than the hound had bargained for, and he let go, gave a dismal howl of pain, and swam hurriedly away.

Mart then made good use of his hands and feet, and after a tough scramble succeeded in getting a seat on one of the branches from which the vines were hanging.

"Waal, I'm safe now," he called; "but what are we goin' to do next?"

Sut answered that they would have to stay where they were until the hounds got tired and would go away of their own accord.

And stay they did, and as hour after hour wore on the dogs showed not the least intention of quitting the siege.

The night air was chilly, as it invariably is down there at this season of the year, and, sitting in wet clothes, the "cooners" found their positions most uncomfortable indeed. They jawed and fretted at the hounds, and Sut broke off branches and threw at them, but all to no purpose; the persistent dogs only shifted their positions or whined and howled as the mood took them, and remained to watch. They had treed game, and were not the pack to leave it.

Daylight came at last and found Sut and Mart still upon their perches, shivering, stiff-limbed, and miserable.

The dogs bestirred themselves below, and sent up fresh howls for help.

A little after sunrise, probably in answer to the baying of the pack, one of Old John's squaws appeared on the opposite bank of the river. She stood still for a moment, shading her eyes with one hand as she peered across. Then Sut hallooed to her,

"Hoo-a-a-a-y!" he bawled, "come over here an' take home yer dawgs!"

There was an old skiff moored just below her, and, comprehending the situation, the squaw went down, got into it, and paddled across. She climbed up on the bank, and after ferreting out each branch-hidden victim with her little black eyes, she placed her hands upon her hips and gave vent to a loud cackling laugh.

"I say, ole woman, what ye goin' ter do with us?" inquired Sut.

"Come down," she said, in good though harsh-sounding English.

She then spoke in her own tongue a few words of command to the hounds, and all of them slunk back quiet and subdued. They were evidently trained to obey.

Sut and Mart managed to let themselves down from their perches and stood before the squaw, blue with cold, cramped and stiff, and wretched enough to have excited her compassion had she been possessed of any capacity for such feeling.

"You go in boat," she said, roughly, pointing to the skiff.

They went down and got in without a word. Then the

squaw called to the dogs, got into the boat, and paddled her prisoners, for such they felt themselves to be, slowly across. The dogs swam on either hand close along-side.

She landed the boat above the fence, and as the boys got out the pack, one by one, came ashore and gathered round them—there were seven hounds in all—with subdued sniffs, suggestive of wonder as to whether the lads would make a suitable breakfast if they were allowed to eat them.

When Mrs. Old John had tied the boat she mounted the bank and motioned Sut and Mart to follow.

"You come longa me," she commanded. "You tly lun away, dog kill you."

As the dogs fell in immediately behind them, it is needless to say that the luckless fellows did not try to "lun away."

She (the squaw) was leading them home to the village, and they followed meekly, glad that she had found it in her savage heart to let them off thus easily.

But when they reached the street and were marched straight along down in front of Morgan's store, with all its loafers gathered in the shade—for it was nine o'clock by that time, and growing warm—they felt that they had almost rather have taken the risk of defying both squaw and dogs than face the boisterous ridicule that was heaped upon them.

They did present a ludicrous sight without doubt, bedraggled and weary as they were, marching along prisoners of war, with a greasy, fat old squaw in the van, and a pack of sneaking, suspicious hounds as rear guard.

The crowd in front of Morgan's were not slow to realize the situation, and they set up a howl of derisive laughter that was far more distressing than the baying of a pursuing pack of hounds had been.

The squaw, with her high, cackling laugh, joined in the general hilarity for a moment. Then she turned and, calling the hounds after her, left the crestfallen Mart and Sut to slink home, followed by the jeers and yells of the merciless "riff-raff" of the street.

The gun was returned to Mart some days after by Old John's brother, and, so keen are the Indian powers of observation, it was returned directly to Mart without any inquiry as to whom it belonged.

So long as they remained in Tusquemung Sut and Mart were a butt of ridicule on account of their unfortunate "cooning" expedition, and they were nicknamed by the idle loafers, "Old Coquer's squaw-men."

No white person ever trespassed upon Old John's premises again.

GRACE.

O ILL-WROUGHT life we look at as we die!
Mistaken, selfish, meager, and unmeet;
So graven on the hearts that cruelly
We have deprived of many an hour sweet;
O ill-wrought life we look at as we die!

O day of God we look at as we die!
Grace, like a river flowing toward our feet;
Wide pardon blowing with the breezes by;
Love telling us bright tales of the Complete;
While listening, hoping, thanking, lo, we die!

—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, in S. S. Times.

TOO MUCH COMPANY.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

A YOUNG girl with whom I am very well acquainted recently said, in despondent tones: "O dear! I shall be so glad when vacation is over and the students come back. *It is so dull here!*"

Her brother, a few years older, was wondering a little later how he should survive the long summer vacation "without the boys." What was said to them might well be repeated to many other young people, who, it seems to me, are making a mistake in desiring constant companionship.

Of course we must not forget that "man is a gregarious animal," that "good company is a blessing and an inspiration," and all the other philosophical sayings upon this subject, and yet, under prevailing social conditions, our danger lies in having too much of a good thing.

The American child who is brought up in town or city reaches the age of two years possibly in comparative quiet, but about that time, when he is allowed to stand by the railing of the back porch for a little independent investigation of the outside world, he is greeted with a cheery "Hullo!" from the back porch of the next-door neighbor, and beholds a pair of shining eyes peeping through the vines eager to begin an acquaintance with "that other baby."

The watchful mother sees that the conflict has begun.

When her little darling grows older, and is turned into the yard with tiny wooden pail and shovel, and a tempting pile of sand "on purpose to dig in," she fastens the gate securely and congratulates herself on their "quiet street." Looking out a few moments later, she sees two, possibly three, little tots in the sand, while the gate swings idly to and fro.

She soon discovers that that particular gate swings both ways; and very soon her little boy wants to go into "Charlie's yard," or her little girl begs to join that other girl just across the way. School-days multiply associations, and the mother watches, and anticipates, and plans, and prays as the years hurry on.

If all the boys and girls were as carefully guarded and taught as hers the difficulties would decrease, but there are so many whose cradles—we might well believe—were rocked upon the sidewalk. They may not be vicious, they may have no decidedly bad traits, but they are in the street early and late, and their habits and language smack of street life. Uneasy and restless, they hang around the house whistling for her boy to "come out." "Can't I go with the boys?" or, "Can't I go with the girls?" is the lacerating question which cannot always be answered by "Yes," or "No," but demands so much patient wisdom. Like the woman in Solomon's court, she would in no case slay the child, but the outside world always cries, "Divide it."

There is a good deal to be said just at this point about allowing choice companionship, and yielding to the innate desire for it, under wise restrictions, but just now we pass that very important discussion. We turn from the mother, who has been showered with good advice ever since she began to train her children, to the sons and daughters themselves, who are now beyond the restrictions of "tied-up gates." We will take for granted that your companions are respectable, moral, and progressive, and that in the hours you spend together your conduct is beyond censure. And yet, you may have too many good companions. You may give so much time to them as to rob yourself of your individuality. Humanity was not intended to grow in clusters like hops. We are set in families, but if one hopes to become symmetrical, well developed, ripe, there must not be too much crowding.

If you will look at the men and women who have shaped the destiny of this nation, you will find they were—most of them, at least—reared in quiet country homes, or else in the "border-land" between absolute poverty and affluence, where social demands are not oppressive. One of the sweet compensations of frugal and honest poverty is the absence of a door-bell! Some one says that "Genius loves to nestle her offspring in Poverty's cradle," and why? Genius knows very well that those who carry out her instructions must have time for reflection. This is the advantage those have who are reared in the country, who become confessedly the leading business men of our cities. Not because the "best families" are in the rural districts, but because, setting aside the claims of "heredity," their circumstances gave an opportunity for the development of an individuality.

The wide fields, silent forests, upreaching mountains, and ever-changing sky all exert helpful influences. Nature and nature's God are never far apart; and the boy who spends lonely days in his father's fields, or listens to the music of rain-drops upon the shingled roof through a quiet summer evening, has time to think, although he may not find words to express his thoughts for a score of years. These boys and their sisters develop a natural thirst for knowledge, and in time some of them find their way to preparatory schools and colleges. They are a little older than their city cousins who pursue the same course of study, but all the better prepared to appreciate and retain what they acquire; and from the schools many of them go—as has been intimated—to positions of usefulness and influence.

But you who were not born "poor but respectable," who know nothing of real country living, but are in places where "something is always going on," where "things are lively"—what can you do to make for yourself a little space to grow in, as large at least as the box around a shade-tree by the street? First you must decide that you need time for self-acquaintance and self-culture. This personal decision is the only basis upon which any reform can stand. Then, if you have a day when there is no base-ball, no excitement on the street, no excursion or diversion of any kind, don't be frightened. Prize the day as you would a gold nugget. Read, write, investigate and project; and new thoughts and aspirations which fly high above the crowd will perch at your elbow, surprising you with their good-fellowship. Try to accomplish something in the line of your special tastes or talents, and believe me, the result will be a gratifying consciousness of ability in some direction, even though you have to admit that it is wholly undeveloped. And you, my dear girl, who mope and fret when the weather or the reverses of cruel fate leave you stranded, with no other girl in sight, let me beg you to save that precious "dull day." Don't wander about to "kill time," or read old story-books, or drum on the window-pane and bemoan your sad condition, but look up a bit of unfinished work, or write to some neglected correspondent, or, if you are a regular shirk, force yourself to help your mother with the mending; all the while thinking over things that have been pushed aside, or frivolously treated by "the other girls."

But more than this. You will not "happen" to have many hermit days, and if you really intend to keep for yourself a little scrap of every day, you must learn to resist the pressure that is brought to bear upon you. A young person who has "plans" and carries them out is respected even by those who incessantly beg him to "come on and see the fun!" Think of the ancient writers who produced volumes of "meditations" and homilies on all sorts of abstract subjects, think of those who educated themselves by the light of pine knots, think of inventors who spent long nights in experimenting, think of old Diogenes who had the courage to ask his friends to "step out of his sunshine," and stand firm for your rights.

We look into the crowds of growing boys that rush to the front seats at a free entertainment, into the groups of young men who herd at the street corners, smoking cigarettes and drinking—soda-water; at the multitudes who keep step in more respectable employment and pleasuring, and we say, "The coming man is not there." Sharp politicians, shrewd financiers, and business men may spring from these ranks, but they have no *time* to develop the finer qualities of heart and brain.

Then we turn to the girls who are "always together," who giggle and chatter in the streets, at the depots, in the cars, at school, at church, every-where, and we think, "Individually they might become good wives, mothers, and housekeepers, but collectively—never!"

If you expect, then, to be any thing more than a cipher among ciphers, take time, whatever your circumstances, to close your lips, your ears, your eyes against the rush and excitement of the ever-encroaching crowd; thus forming while young those habits of self-reliance, independent thought, and individual action which are so much needed in every department of life.

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XII.

THREE months on a butcher's cart did Jack a great deal of good. He not only found out that he was not a remarkable boy, but that people did not think so much of him personally as to overcome the unfitness, as they thought it, of his position. That he was honest and cheerful did not prevent his old school-mates from dropping him as a friend and a sharer in their social amusements. He ate a good deal of what Mimy called "humble-pie" in the course of this time, and it did him much good, but it also filled him with a natural desire to make friends somewhere, and so he did his best to please his customers. He cut very liberal pounds of meat for one and another; threw in a good bit here for the cat, and a bone there for the dog, and when some woman on his route persistently tried to beat down his prices he would abate a little for them without stopping to consider that this was really disposing of Mr. Marsh's property without his leave.

But the butcher soon began to perceive that the meat he sent out did not bring him in what it was worth; the daily shortage was small, but it was daily, and soon told on his profits.

He questioned Jack closely as to his exactness about weighing, and about the prices he asked.

"Why, I give 'em good weight!" said Jack, surprised.

"Exact pounds, do ye?"

"I don't stop for an ounce or two, Mr. Marsh; they think it's mean; and I throw in a bit of cheap stuff for the cat at some places, or a bone for the dog, and sometimes I have to let down a few cents on prices, they do badger me so."

"Well, now, that's it; it don't seem no great sum to you, and I know you're real honest about it; but you figger it up. That cats' meat would sell for ten cents a day to the least; now wouldn't it?"

"I guess it would," Jack answered, in a dismayed tone.

"And supposin' you gave overweight of two ounces at sixteen places, that would be two pound a day at, say eighteen cents a pound to the lowest, that is thirty-six cents; and if you give 'em ten cents off at one place, and five at another, and ten at another, why there's a quarter more; and the bones would be worth five or ten for soup, everage for 'em seven cents, say; there's seventy-eight cents a day, three times a week, that's $2 34 a week. What d'ye think of that?"

Jack's eyes opened wide. He had not counted up these easy pennies.

"Well, Mr. Marsh, I never *did* think of it; that's the fact of the matter. I suppose I wanted to make it pleasant for customers, and have 'em like me," blurted out honest Jack.

"Well, so do, so do! Be civil and friendly, but l'arn to say 'no' when they ask ye for what isn't really yourn to give."

"That's just like mother," said Jack, and Mr. Marsh laughed.

"I'd give consider'ble if I was as good for a man as Mrs. Boyd is for a woman, and I will say for 't she's fetched you up real well, and—"

"But, Mr. Marsh," broke in Jack, "you must take all that out of my wages."

"Sho! sho! I sha'n't do no such thing. You didn't go to do it, and you wont do it no more. Boys have got to learn, and learn by 'xperience; and you're honest clear through. I wouldn't no more dock your wages for that than nothing in the world. I don't want to have ye do it no more, that's all."

Jack told his mother about the whole matter at night, as he

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always did. His troubles and his pleasures were all laid before her for counsel or sympathy, as the case might be.

"Mr. Marsh was quite right, Jack; you needed to say 'no.' Like most people, and particularly young people, you like to stand well with those about you; to have them like and admire you. This is all right to a certain extent. You know the Bible says, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' And you see the apostle puts the things that are true, honest, just, and pure before what is lovely and of good report. Take the Scripture order, and you will be all right. Praise is pleasant and it is helpful, but too much of it is like too much candy, and undeserved praise or popularity is the worst of pleasant things, for it makes you a living lie to yourself as well as to the world. Then just one thing more, my Jack. Be stringently careful to observe the rights of property; never give one cent or the value of one cent away that is not fully your own. I know you didn't think; but you must think.

"'For evil is wrought for want of thought
As well as for want of heart.'

"I once knew a man who wrongfully used a great deal of money that was not his own, but had been trusted to his care, and when he was found out he made the pitiful excuse that he had given a great deal of the money away in charity. Every one thought still worse of him for this, as it showed how perverted his whole sense of right and wrong must be, that he should consider this at all palliated his offense. Now *I* think you ought to make restitution to Mr. Marsh, as it is right and just you should. He is very kind and generous, but you will fix this lesson in your mind and free your conscience by repaying him, though the great reason, of course, is that it is right."

So Jack did, much to Mr. Marsh's dissatisfaction; but he at once raised the boy's wages enough to make up the loss, in spite of Mrs. Boyd's remonstrance.

A few weeks afterward an old school acquaintance of Mr. Gilbert's, who was the cashier of a bank in Boston, called at his store, being in Danvers on business. The two had not seen each other for many years, and had grown far apart in that time. Mr. Gray was a Christian gentleman in the truest sense, and Mr. Gilbert was neither one nor the other. So the visit, made for old times' sake, was not much enjoyed by either, and was very brief. But in the course of their conversation Mr. Gray asked Mr. Gilbert if he knew of any young man or boy in Danvers whom he could get to fill a junior clerk's place in his bank.

"I want a boy from the country who is not up to city tricks; one who knows a little of accounts, and can be trusted."

"We-ell," said Mr. Gilbert, slowly, "I do know of such a boy; used to be here in my store. He's honest enough."

"Why isn't he here now?" asked Mr. Gray.

"O he knew too much; didn't mind his business, but wanted to help run mine."

"That sort of boy wouldn't suit me," said Mr. Gray, decisively.

"Well, now, he just would," replied Mr. Gilbert, who in his secret heart really respected Jack. "He's too honest, that is the real fact of the case. You know there's tricks in all trades—hev to be; and he couldn't nor wouldn't take to 'em. You can't run a general store on Scripter principles, an' he was bound to run it that way."

"Why can't you?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Well, you can't; you've got to get ahead of folks or they'll get ahead of you every time. It's doin' as you're done by, anyhow."

"Is it doing as you *would* be done by?"

"That aint to the purpose. I should fetch up in the county jail pretty quick if I didn't look out for myself first. Let every man do that, I say, and the world'll gee."

Mr. Gray looked at his old school-mate with profound pity.

"My dear friend," said he, "did you ever hear that 'no man liveth to himself?'"

"More fools they, then," snapped Mr. Gilbert.

Mr. Gray saw that he was in no mood to receive any admonition, however gently or wisely urged, so he returned to Jack.

"What is the boy doing now?" he asked.

"Drivin' a butcher's cart. He couldn't get any thing to do but that, so he done it. Showed good grit, too, for his folks have been first chop here in Danvers, ever since 'twas a town."

"Good!" said Mr. Gray, emphatically, "Where is the butcher's shop?"

Mr. Gilbert directed him, and in a few minutes he had found Mr. Marsh, and made his inquiries.

"Well, sir," said the good-natured butcher, "that feller is as bright as a doller, and as true as a die. He's honest clear through. I'd trust him any day with gold untold, I would really. His mother's son couldn't no way help bein' good." And here Mr. Marsh branched off into a eulogy of Mrs. Boyd that pleased his visitor much, for Mr. Gray had faith in training.

"I don't want to lose him, neither," concluded Mr. Marsh, "but I know he'd ought to do better. He'll have to help his mother by an' by when them old ladies drop off; and the' aint no great promotion in the butcher business, nor no great profits if you deal on the square as I calc'late to."

"But how came Gilbert to turn him off?" asked Mr. Gray.

"O I'll tell ye the hull o' that! Mrs. Donovan deals with me, and she came into the market one day just as he driv off and told me the story. She can't say enough about Jack." And he went on to put Mr. Gray into possession of Mrs. Donovan's version of the story, which, even allowing for her Irish volubility and exaggeration, was another item in Jack's favor.

Then Mr. Gray went to see Mrs. Manice, and had a long talk with her, and the result was that soon after his return to Boston Jack was offered a place as junior clerk in the bank where Mr. Gray was cashier, at six hundred dollars salary; and it was decided, after some consultation and much prayer, that he should take the place.

It was very hard for Manice to let her boy leave her, but she liked what she had seen of Mr. Gray, and she knew—had known a long time—that some day all her children must fly from the home nest, though it gave her many a heartache to think of it.

"I'm glad he is going into a respectable position at last," commented Aunt Maria, with a sniff.

"Yet the butcher's cart helped him to this place, Aunt Maria," said Manice, with a gleam of amusement in her eye. "Mr. Gray told me that when he heard Jack was so determined to work that he took the first thing that offered he said to himself, 'That's the right sort,' and Mr. Marsh's recommendation was much heartier than Mr. Gilbert's, who only said he was 'too honest.'"

Even Aunt Maria smiled a little at this peculiar indorsement of Jack.

"Makes ye feel real bad, don't it?" said sympathetic Mimy. "I know it does; but it's the natur' of things. You fetch up a boy to be a sort o' comfort to ye when you get some on in life, and fust you know away he goes and makes it home somewheres else; or if its girls and they get so's to fly round, sort of helpful and folksy, up hops some chap or other 't you never sot eyes on in the livin' world before, and sperits 'em off to be married! It's awful tryin'. Makes me think of a old hen we had to home that we sot onto a clutch o' duck's eggs, and them little creetur's couldn't no more 'n just waddle when off they set down to the pond an' kersoused right in and paddled off as glib as spiders. You'd ought to hev seen that hen! She squawked and she crawked and she

clucked; and she tromped up an' down on the aidge o' that pond as though she was nigh about crazy. I never felt so pitiful for a dumb creetur' in my life. But they was ducks, and they took to water, and the' wasn't no help for it. I tell ye, though, I never sot her on duck's eggs ag'in."

Manice had to laugh at the not inappropriate story.

Aunt Sally took the news in her own way. She laid out on Jack's needs a portion of her hoarded charity money. She had lately been much impressed with a sermon on the text,

"But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

And as Aunt Sally was an honest Christian woman, in spite of her various faults and infirmities, she began to look about her to see how she could help Manice and her children and John Boyd's family. She had, so far, confined her good deeds to Mrs. John Boyd, who seemed most in need, but now she thought that to help Jack was the present duty, so she bought him shirts, stockings, handkerchiefs, and collars, to the great saving of Manice's slender stock of money and Jack's carefully hoarded wages from Mr. Marsh.

At last he was ready. The aunts had said "Good-bye" to him. Anne and Alice had hugged him with tears and sobs. Mimy had wrung his hand and said, "Don't ye disappoint your ma for any thing. Now *don't* ye!" with hearty emphasis; and he came up to his mother's room for her farewell.

"Dear Jack," she said, holding back the tears that burned in her eyes, "remember 'No;' you will need to say it more now than ever in all the new temptations of a city. O, Jack, if you were only a Christian!"

Jack gave a sort of dry sob, that he was half-ashamed of, held his mother close and kissed her again and again, picked up his bag without another word, and was off to the train.

His life as a butcher boy was over. The life of his old dreams had begun.

[*To be continued.*]

THINGS HIDDEN.

We think we see the beauty of the ever restless sea,
When we watch the foaming billows as they dash so grand and free;

But down beneath the surface of the white-capped wave, there lies
The richest, rarest beauty, though 'tis hid from human eyes.

We judge of another's heart by its outward phase and form,
Little guessing its inward depths, its sunshine and its storm.

How oft do sad and weary hearts bright faces underlie,
And how many a merry laugh is but a hidden sigh!

We know not the secret sadness of one who seems all joy,
We think not how that gladness may be mixed with grief's alloy.

But there's One above who knoweth the secrets of the heart,
And he looketh upon the whole, while we but see a part.

—*Helen S. Barnum.*

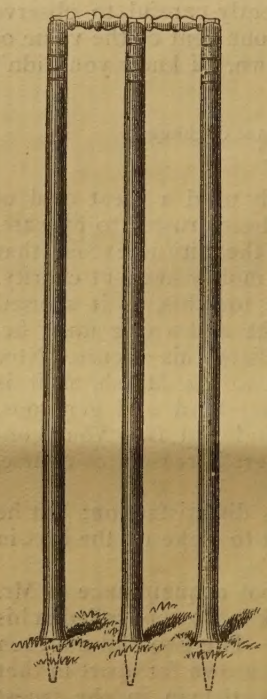
CRICKET, THE NATIONAL GAME OF ENGLAND.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

The origin of this noble game is an unsettled subject of dispute among those who claim to know all about it. Some authorities would have it to be little more than a century old. Others put it seventy or eighty years still farther back, while the Rev. J. Pycroft, whose opinion ought to go for a good deal, makes out a strong case for the thirteenth century, when he says it was played under the name of "club-ball," in a very simple manner, from which it developed by a natural process of evolution, precisely as base-ball did from "rounders."

When first known as "cricket," it was played with two wickets only twelve inches high, but by way of compensation full two feet apart, while between them was a hole as big as a basin, scooped in the ground, which answered somewhat the same purpose as the "home-plate," for if the wicket-keeper succeeded in putting the ball in it while the batter was making a run, or otherwise out of his ground, the unlucky batter had to step down and out.

After a while a third stump two feet in length was laid across the other two as a target for the bowler, and in 1780 the width between the wickets was reduced to six inches. Next year the third stump was stuck in the ground beside the others, instead of on top of them, and their height increased to twenty-two inches. Finally, about 1817, the wickets were made twenty-seven inches high and eight inches wide, and two small sticks, called "bails," were laid on top of them; and since then no further changes have been made.



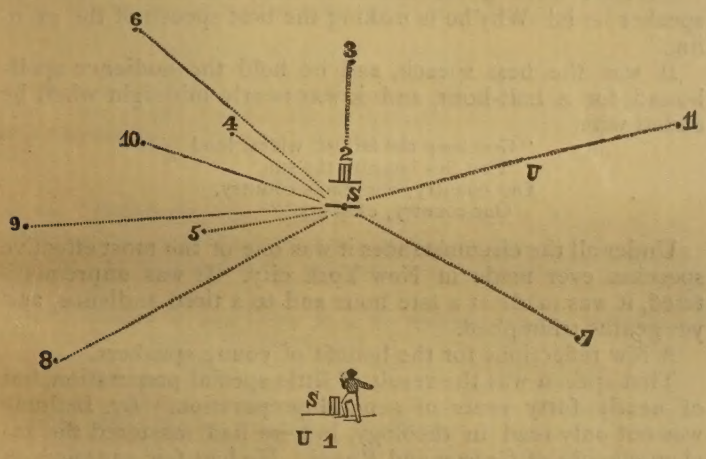
The bat has gone through some changes too. Previous to 1745 there was no rule as to size, and cautious players went on increasing the width and height of their bats until a certain Mr. White brought matters to a crisis by appearing in a match with a gigantic bat which completely covered the wicket—a "regular barn-door," with a vengeance. Thereupon the rule was made which still continues in force that this "mighty scepter of delight," as Felix enthusiastically calls it, should be not more than thirty-eight inches in length nor four and a quarter in width. Of the length twenty-five inches are taken up by the blade, and thirteen by the handle. There are several kinds of bat, the best being those which have cane and whale-bone handles set in a willow blade, which should, so far as possible, be free from knots or flaws, and have a straight even grain.

The present style of ball, with the exception of some very slight modifications, seems to have been in use since cricket assumed any thing like its present form. It must not be more than nine inches in circumference, nor weigh more than five and three fourths nor less than five and one fourth ounces. It is sewn with a treble seam, and has a much thicker cover than a base-ball.

Having thus briefly described the articles required for a game of cricket, which will be better understood, however, by a glance at the figures, I will try to give some idea of the game itself, having in mind more particularly those who have never played it themselves, or possibly have never seen a game played.

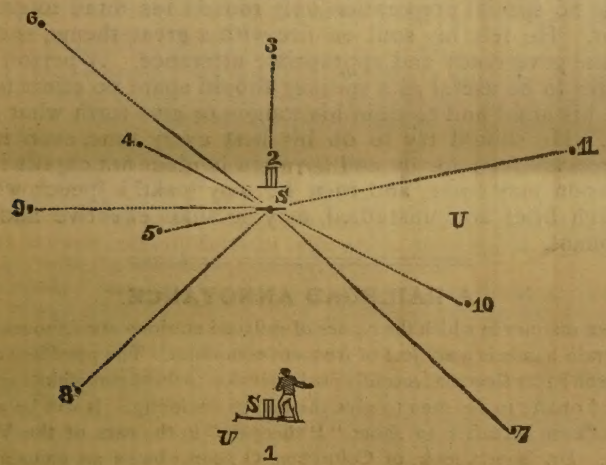
Cricket may be played either single-wicket or double-wicket, but it is now so rarely played in the former manner that we can safely confine our attention to the latter. For a double-wicket match game eleven players on a side are necessary, and after the captains have tossed to settle who shall go to the bat first the loser places his field and the winner sends in two of his surest, safest batters to defend the wickets and to make runs. The

disposition of the field will depend upon the style of bowling, whether it be fast, medium pace, or slow, and I have accordingly prepared two diagrams by studying which the reader will get a pretty clear idea of how the fielders are placed, and what dangers the batsman has to guard against when compiling his runs.



FAST BOWLING.

S. Striker.
1. The Bowler.
2. Wicket-Keeper.
3. Long Stop.
4. Short Slip.
5. Point.
6. Long Slip.
7. Mid-Wicket On.
U. Umpire.
8. Long Off.
9. Cover-Point.
10. Third Man Up.
11. Long Leg.



MEDIUM PACE BOWLING.

S. Striker.
1. Bowler.
2. Wicket-Keeper.
3. Long Stop.
4. Short Slip.
5. Point.
6. Long Slip.
7. Long On.
U. Umpire.
8. Long Off.
9. Cover-Point.
10. Mid-Wicket On
11. Leg.

In this diagram, Third Man Up is made Mid-Wicket On, while Cover-Point comes in nearer than when the bowling was very fast.

A distance of twenty-two yards separates the wickets, and by this scale the relative positions of the players may be easily estimated.

The field having been duly placed, the batsmen having taken their stand with legs carefully protected by pads, and hands by ingenious rubber gloves, the umpire calls "play," and amidst a thrilling hush of expectation the bowler sends down his first ball. After five balls have been delivered from one wicket the umpire calls "over," and the whole field changes about until the position of the men bears the same relation to the other wicket that it did to the one first bowled against. This calling out of "over," and consequent change of field, gave some quick wit the opportunity to say that cricket was a very queer game, because it had hardly begun before it was over.

Five balls constitute an "over," and these overs continue to be bowled from alternate ends by different bowlers until the whole eleven players have tried their hand at the bat and been disposed of.

Runs are made by the batsman driving the ball far enough away to give him time to change places with the other batter before the ball returns. Each change constitutes a run, and in matches in England it has sometimes happened that one batsman has made over 400 runs in this way. Six is the largest number of runs that can be made from a single hit, that being what is allowed when the ball is driven clear out of the grounds.

The business of the bowler is to try in every possible way to knock down the wickets in front of which the batsman stands, or else to tempt him into hitting the ball up into the air so that it may be caught on the fly by one of the fielders. Besides being bowled or caught out, a batter may be "run out," that is, have his wickets knocked down by the ball while he is busy making a run, or he may be "stumped out," which is to have the same thing happen when he incautiously steps out of his ground to hit at an unusually tempting ball.

The ball comes to the batter on the first bounce, and the bowler's skill is shown in varying the pitch, speed, and direction of the ball so that the batter may become bewildered and fail to defend his wickets. The best kind of bowling is what is known as "bowling with a break," the peculiarity of which consists in that the ball after striking the ground does not continue straight on, but swerves sharply to the right or left like a "cut" tennis ball, a kind of bowling, therefore, which bears much the same relation to the ordinary that "curve pitching" does to the old fashioned style. It is not easy to acquire, and few have the art in perfection.

The great point in batting is to play with a straight bat, that is, so far as possible to swing the bat at right angles to the ground, the advantage thereby gained being that the wickets are more completely covered, and there is less liability of giving a catch. Next in importance is to play forward, that is, to meet the ball as far forward as you safely can, and not wait for it to come right upon you. Thirdly, it should be the batter's aim to play low; in other words, to hit as many "grounders" or "daisy-cutters" as possible, for they are harder to field, and give no chance for a catch. The player who has these three principles well instilled and can put them into practice is bound to run up large scores.

Cricket is by no means so exciting a game as either base-ball, foot-ball, or lacrosse, and has the further disadvantage of requiring more time both for practice and for playing than the other three. In fact it is essentially a game for those who have more or less abundant leisure, and consequently, on this continent, at all events, where time seems so much more precious than in Great Britain, its votaries must always be limited in numbers. Two whole days at least are required for a first-class two innings match, and three and even four days' matches are not uncommon in England. Canada, as befits a loyal British colony, supports the game enthusiastically, and there are clubs in every city, town, and village from Halifax to Victoria, B. C. In the United States the two chief homes of cricket are Philadelphia and Boston, although there are good clubs at New York, Detroit, and elsewhere, and also at some of the larger universities.

There is one thing to be said on behalf of cricket which can hardly be said of any other kindred game, namely, that so far it has remained uncontaminated by the gambling element, and this is no small boast. What cricket lacks in intensity of excitement it gains in dignity and purity, and if there ever should come a revulsion from the present almost frantic passion for base-ball, it will be strange if men do not turn to the noble game of cricket, and bestow upon it the attention it so worthily merits.

To-morrow's white, beautiful pages
Are yours to write on as you may;
But with the closed ledgers of ages
Are yesterday's leaves locked away.

IN MEMORY OF A GREAT SPEECH.

BY REV. J. I. BOSWELL.

In the month of October, 1859, the whole country was stirred by the news of a supposed slave insurrection at Harper's Ferry. Old John Brown had struck a blow which he was not able to follow up, and in a day or two he and his little party were captured and lodged in jail. The trial began and the nation followed it in its course from day to day with intense interest. When Brown was sentenced to be hung meetings to express sympathy with him were held in many of the cities of the North, and the action of Virginia was bitterly denounced. To counteract these, others were held in which the action of Virginia was sustained.

One morning the "New York Times" contained a call for a "Union" meeting to be held in the Academy of Music, which call was signed by twelve columns of names of well-known citizens. The call said that the object of the proposed meeting was to promote fraternal feeling between the North and South, and to oppose a sectional spirit in all its forms. The night for the meeting came, and the building was packed with people. The mayor of the city presided, and among the speakers were John A. Dix, who soon after became a general in the army, and Professor Mitchell, who was an able rhetorician as well as an effective star-gazer. The main speaker, however, was Charles O'Conor, a bright legal light of that day. He quoted Scripture, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and after applying it to the white men North and South, he went on to prove like the able lawyer that he was that slavery was wise and just and that "the relative duties between the two races could not be performed except by the preservation and by the perpetuation of Negro slavery." On this bold utterance voices cried out, "That is right," "Good," and there were cheers mingled with hisses.

It was quarter past eleven when the regular speakers had ended, and more than half the audience had gone out. Some one cried "Bethune," and the cry was taken up until a chorus of voices cried out "Bethune." Suddenly a man arose from one end of the platform and slowly advanced to the center. He was about sixty years of age, decidedly fat, and as he stood before the audience with a broad-brimmed hat in one hand and a huge umbrella in the other there was a slight ripple of laughter, for it did not look as if such a man could speak to much purpose. He laid his hat and family umbrella upon the speaker's table, and then in a clear voice began:

"I came to this meeting to-night because I saw in the call for it the word 'Union.' I am a minister of the Gospel, and do not attend political meetings, and my object is to promote peace and not strife. I am not going to read law, for it is not my province, nor shall I enter the region of theology as one of the speakers has done before me," alluding to O'Conor. Then he asked, "Where will you divide the Union of States? By the assumed line of slavery? But where does slavery stop? They grow cotton at the South, but where do they manufacture it into goods?" At this hit at New England there was great cheering. Then he told a humorous story which caused a roar of laughter, and followed it with one of the finest classical illustrations which any public speaker ever gave. It was the old story of the gulf which opened in the forum at Rome, and which the oracle told the affrighted people would not close unless the most precious treasures of the city were cast in, and then brave Curtius mounted his horse in armor clad and cried aloud, "Rome's best treasures are her brave men," and then he plunged into the fatal gulf and it closed, and the ground was firm again. "And so," said the speaker, "I see the gulf of disunion opening before us and we are affrighted. But if needs be we have not only one but a hundred thousand men with the spirit of old Curtius who will leap into the dreadful gulf, and whose lives will be a willing sacrifice, and the gulf will close again."

Before the cheering which greeted these words had ended, I noticed two policemen who stood near me—accidentally near me—and one said to his comrade:

"Who is that man speaking?"

"His name is Bethune," was the reply, "and I think he has charge of a church over in Brooklyn."

"Well, I have never heard of him, but what a splendid speaker he is! Why he is making the best speech of the evening."

It was the best speech, and he held the audience spellbound for a half-hour, and it was nearly midnight when he ended with

> "God keep the fairest, widest land
> That lies beneath the sun,
> Our country, our whole country,
> Our country, ever one!"

Under all the circumstances it was one of the most effective speeches ever made in New York city. It was unpremeditated, it was made at a late hour and to a tired audience, and yet genius triumphed.

A few reflections for the benefit of young speakers.

That speech was the result of little special preparation, but of nearly forty years of general preparation. Dr. Bethune was not only read in theology, but he had mastered the ancient classics of Greece and Rome. He had few superiors in general literature, and he had written much in prose and somewhat in poetry. His powers as a speaker were in constant exercise, and therefore when called upon unexpectedly he was ready for the occasion and did not fall below it. He had a just confidence in himself, and the fact that he had made no special preparation only roused his mind to greater vigor. He felt his soul on fire with a great theme, and his tongue gave ready and appropriate utterance. A person who desires to be useful as a speaker should spare no effort to enrich his mind and to train his tongue to give forth what is in him. He should try to do his best every time, even if his hearers are few; for by and by when he does not expect it the occasion may come, and then he may make a speech which, though brief and unstudied, may be alike effective and triumphant.

A RAILROAD ANNOYANCE.

The manner in which the names of railroad stations are announced by the train hands is a subject of frequent complaint. The president of the Hudson River Road has recently paid attention to these complaints and has issued orders to the men to give the names distinctly. It will be a serious offense hereafter to shout "P'cheepsie" in the ears of the Vassar girls. Dr. Isaac Crook, of Columbus, O., contributes an amusing anecdote on this subject:

The man in blue usually shouts his call of the "station" along the railroad into the ears of dignified, solemn-looking, and sometimes sleepy people. But he shouts all the louder, knowing how animated the scolding will be if some passenger is carried past his destination. The monotony of this had a comical interruption on the C. & M. V. R. R. to-day. Hand on front-door knob, the man shouts in heavy startling voice twice, first with rising inflection "Dresden!" then falling inflection like going down a precipice—"Dresden." Suddenly a passenger far back in the car, with equal loudness and a sort of half-frantic earnestness as if to assure the brakeman that he was correct, answered, "Dresden!" then still louder and in more assuring tone, "Yes, sir; *this is Dresden!*" This reversal of position seemed comical to the brakeman. He smiled as if he felt a new sensation. The laughter of some of the passengers was so deep and long that the tears washed dust and cinders from at least one pair of eyes.

CLIPPED WINGS.

A London paper relates with perhaps a grain of race exultation the following story of a Scotch magistrate whose obstinacy was better developed than his acquaintance with natural history. The bailie had, perhaps, heard of flying squirrels and made his deductions accordingly:

A servant girl having occasion to summon her mistress for non-payment of wages, the presiding magistrate, who had but recently been invested with judicial power and dignity, after attentively hearing the girl's plain, unvarnished tale, called upon the lady for her defense, which was in substance nearly as follows:

"My Lord, owing to the inexcusable negligence of this girl I have sustained a serious loss. To her care was intrusted a favorite squirrel on which I put great value, which she has suffered to escape from its cage, and that is the reason—and a sufficient one it surely is—why I withhold her wages."

"I'm afraid, ma'am," observed the worthy bailie (obviously but little acquainted with natural history), "that winna do. You should hae clippit the wings o' the creature, squirrel as ye ca' it, and then it could nae hae made its escape."

"Clipped the wings of it, my lord!" exclaimed the astonished lady. "It was a quadruped."

"Quadruped here or quadruped there," continued the determined bailie, 'you should just hae clippit the wings o't; and, accordingly, I maun e'en decide for the lassie's wages and expenses."

INVENTION.

If the "Buffalo Express" is to be credited, there is in that city an Irishman whose inventive talent is wonderfully developed. The genius which the Celt displayed in the following case was worthy of the most gifted Yankee:

Dennis Reagan is now living in a flat which overlooks the Lackawanna tracks. Across the street lives an Italian nobleman in reduced circumstances who ekes out his poor existence with the aid of a poor monkey and a worse hand-organ. To Garibaldi comes Dennis one evening, and after passing the time of day, warms up to the subject in hand.

"Av ye plaze, Misther Garibaldi," says Dennis, in his most unctuous and wheedling tone, "wud ye have any objections to loanin' me yer munkey for an hour or two ivry mornin'?"

"What-a for you want-a munk?" inquired the count.

"Niver ye mind," replied Dennis. "What wud ye charge a mornin' for the use av him?"

The count suggested that ten cents an hour would be the proper figure, after vainly attempting to find out what Dennis was going to do with the monkey. Dennis haggled and tried to beat the Italian count down, but Garibaldi wouldn't have it that way, and the deal was closed at his figure.

Every thing went beautifully for a few days. The money was paid promptly and the monkey was returned regularly in time not to interfere with the requirements of the count's profession. To be sure the animal looked a little hollow-eyed and careworn, but in the main was in good condition.

Finally, however, the Italian's curiosity got the better of his avarice, and he told Dennis that the monkey would not be loaned any more. This announcement had a most depressing effect on Dennis. His megatherian intellect rose to the emergency, though, and he proceeded to effect one of those masterly financial *coups* which dazzle people who are not familiar with the workings of the capitalistic mind.

"Garrybaldy," said Dennis, "av ye'll promise to act square and not give the scheme away I'll be after takin' ye into pardnership and gin ye half the profits for the use of the munkey."

"All-a right-a," said the Italian.

At this the new partners shook hands, and each took another pull out of the can of beer which Dennis had warily provided to lubricate the negotiations. Then Dennis in his customary lordly manner put his arm through the Italian's, and together they sauntered over to the back yard of the house where Dennis lived.

"D'ye see thet ther pole, Garry?" inquired Dennis, pointing to a pole some fifteen feet high, surmounted by a cross piece.

The Italian couldn't very well help seeing it, and remarked that it was within the range of his vision.

"D'ye know phwat ther is beyant the fence?" said Dennis. "Thim's the railroad thracks. Now, thin, Garry, this is the snap: Early in the mornin' whin the coal trains begins to come in I put the munkey on the pole. The brakesmin is all out on the cars riddy to go up the thristles. Ivery mother's son of thim flings two or three pieces of coal at the munkey. I've laid tin tons away in the cellar, and niver a wan o' thim's hit the munkey yet."

A BOY WITH A PURPOSE.

Choose a career, and labor on it undismayed, unflinchingly, and success comes—or, rather, you will come to it. Nothing illustrates this truth better than the life of the famous explorer which the "Christian Guardian" outlines as follows:

Years ago a German father read to his boy a translation of Homer's story of the siege of Troy, and the lad made up his mind to find the ruins of that ancient city. Troy had perished three thousand years ago—if, indeed, it ever existed at all. "But," said the little German, "I will find it though." Though a poor lad, slaving at work until bed-time, he procured books and taught himself six or seven languages. He pushed on and prospered until, as a merchant, he had made a fortune. Every step of this study and money-making was taken with the aim of fulfilling the vow of his boyhood. In due time he started eastward with a company of laborers, and for long, long years pursued his search. At last he found Troy. His discovery was a sensation through all Europe. A short time ago the treasures of gold, silver, and bronze dug out of the palace of the Trojan king were exhibited at South Kensington. For three thousand years the burned ruins of that city had lain covered with sand, and by many it was regarded only as the fabled creation of poetry, but Dr. Schliemann, at his own stinted expense, and by his own amazing enterprise, proved the discovery to the world. Think of it. A poor lad, learning languages, making money, spending seven years or more in far-away deserts, sustained through a life-time by one fixed resolution. He vowed in boyhood that he would find Troy, and he did find it. This German lad said, "Put down my name," and when life was far spent he succeeded in winning his way into the Temple of Fame.

A GOOD LETTER.

An Indian boy who was formerly a pupil in the Carlisle school wrote the following letter from his new quarters in the West to the old eastern friends. He is proud of his progress, and he has some sound advice for his fellow-students:

Chilocco Indian School, March 12, 1886.

Dear Students, Carlisle Pupils: I will give a short account of the Chilocco Indian School. It is situated in the northern part of Indian Territory, about a mile from the State line of Kansas. It is a good school, and the children at this institute are well satisfied and trying to improve their time at school. So when they go out into the world they will be useful in their nation. There are a few of the scholars who have learned a great deal more than others, and there are some that cannot accomplish much. Children here think they are smarter than any other Indians at school, but I suppose they are mistaken. I wish I could see Carlisle school again. Are there many changes out at your school? I think if I should come out there it would look different to me. I didn't know much about English, and also I didn't know how to spell cow when I went to Carlisle, but now I can spell the hardest word in my lesson. We Indian children ought not to waste our time when we have an opportunity to get an education and the governemnt has to pay our tuition and cloth. We ought to try so hard whatever difficulty comes to us, to accomplish. I know it is hard for us to learn how to read plainly, because our tongues are a little different from the English.

Johnson Lane.

WAX DOLLS.

The age at which girls cease to care for dolls has not been determined, and the girls of all ages who read this item will find something in it of interest. It is from "Cassell's Magazine:"

The construction of the molds in which wax dolls are made involves some knowledge of modeling. The molds are made of plaster of Paris, the various sections being deftly joined together with such nicety as to leave but few marks of the joints. Into this the melted wax is poured while still very hot, and a thin film immediately adheres to the sides of the mold, which is quickly inverted in order that the molten wax in the center may flow out. But although this rough mask is fairly complete in point of outline, much remains to be done before it can be regarded as possessing those charms which are commonly believed to be a doll's inheritance. The roughnesses have to be smoothed down, a distinctive character has to be given to the mouth and nose, the eyebrows have to be delicately penciled in; and we may well cease to wonder that Shakespeare's lover should have written an ode "to his mistress's eyebrow," when we see the wonderful effect produced on a doll's face by various arrangements of brow and lash. Then the eyes, which are like beautiful shells, although they can be bought by the gross, of any color and size, have to be fixed in, which is done by plastering them at the back with a little soft wax. The method of fastening the hair so as to give it a natural appearance is one of the best tests of the care with which a doll has been made. In the best dolls almost every strand is attached separately to the wax itself, while in the cheaper kinds a wig is roughly stuck on the doll's head. This is a very important point, which doll-worshipers will properly appreciate, for is not the most delightful part of a doll's daily toilette the brushing and combing of her hair? Then there are many qualities of hair, from the best mohair to common flax.

A READY REPLY.

Anecdotes of Tom Corwin are as numerous as those of Abraham Lincoln. The following instance of his quickness in repartee is given in the "Louisville Courier-Journal:"

Governor Brough was once matched against Corwin, and in the midst of his speech said:

"Gentlemen, my honored opponent himself, while he preaches advocacy of home industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England—had it shipped across the ocean to him. How is that for supporting home industry and labor?"

When Corwin came on the stand, he made a great show of embarrassment, stammered, and began slowly:

"Well, gentlemen, you have heard what my friend Mr. Brough has to say of my carriage. I plead guilty to the charges, and have only two things to say in my defense. The first is that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as an heirloom, and I had to take it. Again, I have not used it for seven years; and it has been standing in my back yard all that time, and the chickens have converted it into a roost. Now, gentlemen," with a steady look at Brough, "I have nothing further to say in my defense; but I would like to know how Brough knows any thing about my carriage, if he has not been visiting my chicken-roost."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

NAT and Arthur met again, and the question of the rescued bird and its injured deliverer was taken up. Nat had assumed that if there were a special providence the boy who helped the bird would certainly be the object of providential care, and that no harm could have befallen him while trying to do a good deed in behalf of a helpless birdling. Arthur insisted that the fall of the boy and the breaking of his leg furnished no proof or argument against the doctrine of special providence, although he was very careful to guard Nat against a false conception of such doctrine. People may imagine a special interposition in their own or a neighbor's behalf when there is no such intervention. They may think such intervention a proper thing in a given case, and be very much mistaken in their thought.

GOD created all things, and he governs all. He is the source of law. His knowledge covers the universe. Nothing occurs without his observation. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground "without your Father." The telescope and the microscope show his greatness and wisdom and care. Nothing is too small to escape his notice. He governs, and the mode by which he governs we call "law." He governs creatures of various kinds and qualities by modes which conform to their nature. How he does or why he does a given thing no one knows. What he will do no one can certainly foreknow. But above all laws he is God, and he holds all laws in his hand. No evil comes but by his permission. It is certain that he will do no injustice to any creature he has made. Our views are limited. What may seem unaccountable to-day will on some to-morrow find its solution. And all the affairs of life—of every life—are in his hands. Whether by some known law or by some unknown law or by no "law" at all he leads his creatures and cares for them, as a father leads and cares for his children. And this care extends to every thing in their lives. Call it what you will—"special providence" or "general providence" or the "course of nature"—we do not care—the reality is, that every human life is surrounded by the watching eye and loving purpose of our Father. Nat tried to argue that the fall of the benevolent boy while trying to restore a bird to its nest was evidence that there was no "special providence" in the case.

ARTHUR insisted that the case did not furnish the faintest argument against the doctrine of God's personal care for the individual life; and this is the way he stated it: "The fall of a boy while doing a good deed does not in the slightest degree affect the idea of a divine special providence. The boy was putting a bird back into its nest, but he was careless. He seized a limb of the tree which was not strong enough to bear his weight. He did not move cautiously. He did not sufficiently consider the doubt that did come into his mind as to whether or not that limb could be trusted. He violated a known law of nature in not moving slowly and wisely. Could the boy learn a more practical lesson in a more effective way than by having a broken leg as a result of carelessness? It was a good lesson that God taught him. And it was on the whole a good way to teach it. The boy may live several years longer because of it, and his experience may be of great benefit to others. I see no argument against a special providence in this."

"BUT," interposed Nat, "the boy was doing a good deed and should have been protected by a special providence." Arthur answered, "To my mind the very opposite is true. Human nature is tempted to run risks because of faith in God's care. This makes fanatics. Christ was tempted to cast himself down from the pinnacle on the strength of a promise of divine protection. He resisted the invitation. No man may with impunity violate a known law. The idea of special protection to the violator of law is certainly absurd. Good motives do not justify carelessness. A boy climbing a tree to restore a bird must not forget or ignore the law of gravitation. A man building a missionary ship has no right to put worm-eaten timber into it on the ground that the ship is designed to spread God's Gospel over the earth. Perhaps some such over-trust in providence will account for the failure by the operation of natural laws, of certain schemes which are so good and benevolent in their intention that their projectors fancy that God will take care of them in spite of human carelessness. Perhaps the boy with the bird supposed he was safe simply because he was doing a kind act. He was taught that wisdom is worth as much as kindness."

ARTHUR continued: "What if the benevolent boy had a touch of self-righteousness in his little heart? He may have said to himself as he climbed, 'What a good boy I am! How good it is in me to do this tender act! My mother will praise me. The minister will perhaps write about it. I *am* a good boy. I am not like Tom A. and Bill B. They would kill or torture the helpless little thing, but I don't. I am a good boy. I am so tender-hearted. I am courageous. I climb this tree just to save a bird.' And his head swims with the vain thoughts that whirl through it, and he topples over, bird and all, to the ground. Now who can say that his pride and conceit and false goodness were not getting a bit of a chastisement? And whether it was a special providence or not, I can see how the fellow got a chance to search his heart and discover the mean motives that influenced him. And it may be that the weeks of pain and detention which the boy passed at home were the best weeks of his life. I can conceive of a boy growing wiser and better under the restraint, and proving all the more thoughtful, careful, humble, and helpful. He would help a bird back to its nest again, but it would be with a better spirit and with much greater caution."

We have not time to ask what effect Arthur's talk had on Nat, but the fellow did certainly give Nat a good answer.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for August 29, 1886. JESUS COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES.—John 14. 1–14. GOLDEN TEXT.—John 14. 1.

PREFATORY. The Master who withers Judas and exposes Peter's mistaken zeal and self-confidence speaks words of comfort to all of his disciples. A dark night is before them. He lights the lamp of his promises to shine upon them.

INTERROGATORY. Where were these words spoken? How does Jesus speak here of God? Of heaven? Of his coming again? What question did Thomas ask? Quote Jesus's answer in verse 6. Explain verse 7. What did Philip say? Give Jesus's answer. How can "greater works" be done than those that Jesus did? Recite and often repeat the assurance of verses 13 and 14.

HOMILY. Trouble will come in this world. Man is born to sorrow. No amount of forecasting and care can wholly prevent it. No home, however beautiful and perfect, is exempt. It may be a noble building, completely furnished, surrounded by ample and elegant grounds. Mother and father, brothers and sisters, may dwell in it. No funeral procession ever left it. Wealth, health, happiness, crowd it. But into that home sorrow will surely come—disease, pain, death, loneliness. It is impossible to find a place which trouble can never enter. Few homes are even for a time as secure from its invasion as the one above described. Most people are companions of sorrow. Head-ache, heart-ache, fear, dread, weariness, sleeplessness, bereavement, come, to say nothing of the anxiety one feels about the spiritual life. Children are ill; they suffer and die, or, what is worse, they sin and bring dishonor to their parents and grief unutterable to themselves. Ah! this a world of trouble. It lurks every-where. And one seeks relief in vain from earthly things. Indeed, it is in the order of things that this life shall be filled with disappointment, that man may turn his thoughts and affections to the divine and eternal source of comfort. And it was to meet man in his sorrow that Jesus became the man of sorrows. He came into the world with truth and grace for the help of man. He came to suffer and die, and to conquer sin and give to the soul larger hopes than the world can give. His words of wisdom and gentleness and his deeds of mercy imparted hope and confidence to those who knew and loved and followed him. It was a sad hour to them when he began to break to them the news of his departure. In our lesson we hear his words of promise and of assurance. His oneness with God, his mission from God, his assurance of a place for them in the heaven of God, his unfolding of himself as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and his wonderful words of promise to encourage their prayer of faith—all these brought to his first disciples, and should bring to us, peace in times of worldly trouble. If we are immortal what matters it that we have present trials. If these discomforts are merely incidental annoyances of travel as we journey through a strange land to our Father's eternal home, certainly we should not allow our hearts to be troubled. If in youth we have sorrow let us take a long look forward and rise above present difficulties, looking upward and moving onward toward our final and blessed home in the mansions prepared for us.

PRAYER. O Thou who art the Way, the Truth, and the Life, guide, instruct, and quicken us that we may find the place which our Lord has gone before to make ready for us; may we have firm, large, and abiding faith in Thy promises while we march onward toward the heavens. We ask this grace in Jesus Christ. Amen.

OTHERS EXPRESSING OUR THOUGHT.

BY A. D. VAIL, D.D.

How often it happens that some one else expresses in simple and earnest words the thought that lies in your own mind, and to your surprise they often win great applause. While you have toyed with your thought, not sure whether it be a real jewel, they with greater confidence and bolder, swifter method have given it a setting, and in a speech, a song, a story, a sermon, in teaching or conversation, have used it to the joy of others. In the midst of some perplexing business, some difficult matter of administration, some search for a way out of a danger, some other has spoken on the question in simple words of mere good sense, giving just our idea, and his words have seemed to all as wisdom, and he receives the honor of superior talent. And then we wonder at our own slowness of speech, and at the same time feel that either the man of speech is very much overrated or else there is a superior genius within our intimate acquaintance that is as yet unappreciated by the world. But the men of speech and action are strong not in their thought being higher or better than that of the average man of educated ability, but in that they have more confidence in their own thinking and a trained habit of instant expression. Whatever we deeply feel is likely to be true, and if we accustom ourselves to trust implicitly our sense of the truth we may with instant confidence speak our thought, and we shall find that we are doing for others what we have allowed the leaders to do for us. And to the man of such a habit all his knowledge and feeling come as the atoms come together around some central point when the work of crystallization once begins.

WON BY KINDNESS.

GENERAL GORDON, the Christian soldier whose tragic fate turned the attention of the world for months to the beleaguered city of Khartoum, was the friend and helper of many a poor boy, and in his memory his admirers have founded the Gordon school for boys. The "Toronto Guardian" relates a characteristic act of this famous man:

A boy in the employ of a tradesman in the town had robbed his master, who was very angry and loudly declared that he would send him to prison. The poor mother was broken-hearted, but she had heard of Colonel Gordon, and knew that he was ever ready to help the distressed. So she went to him and tearfully told her story.

"I cannot understand it, sir," she said. "He has always been an honest boy, and I do believe this has been the first and last time. If he could only have another chance. But if he is sent to prison I am afraid it will end in his ruin."

"I am afraid it will," replied the sympathetic soldier. "I will do what I can for him. What would you like me to do?"

"O, sir, if you would intercede with his master, and persuade him not to send my boy to jail, I will be grateful to you all my life."

So the colonel went to the master, who was still very angry and thought the boy should be punished.

"What will become of the boy?" demanded the master. "I cannot keep him here now."

"O no, of course you cannot; but if you promise not to prosecute him I will take charge of him, and perhaps we can make a man out of the rascal yet. At least I should like to try, if you will let me."

"Very well, colonel; I will not punish him, and I hope he may repay your kindness."

"Thank you very much."

The boy was then spoken to earnestly, gravely, and kindly. It was pointed out to him that he narrowly escaped being sent to prison, and that he had broken the laws of God as well as the laws of man.

"But," said his benefactor, "you shall have a chance. Your master has forgiven you, and if you ask God he will forgive you also. And I will help you if you behave well in the future and try to do your best. Will you?"

"Yes, sir; indeed I will," replied the boy; and he did.

The colonel sent him to school for a year, and then got him a berth on board a ship. He is now a man and bears a good character, while he and his mother bless the name of Gordon.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

PHOTOGRAPHY still has wonders to disclose. Composite portraits are the latest production. They are made by printing a single picture from the negatives of any number of persons. The portrait thus built up combines the features of all into one composite face.

"SCIENCE," in its issue of July 30, gives a group of these "composite portraits" taken at Smith College by the professor of physics. The first and most interesting combines the faces of the forty-nine members of the class of '85. She is a fine-looking young woman, broad-browed, and firm of feature. A second portrait of the same persons is entirely different, the eyes coming out very deep and dark, and the mouth being indistinct. What utility this process possesses we do not know, though it will tend to reduce the size of photograph albums if we can have one picture to represent a whole family.

THE work of the Young Men's Christian Associations—a noble work by young men for young men—is summed up in a year-book of two hundred pages. In the United States and Canada there are 1,066 associations; Europe has over 1,800; Asia, 11; Africa, 12, and Australasia, 14. The association work in this country has special branches for college students, Germans, railroad men, colored people, and the Indians. The good done and the evil averted by this great division of Christian activity are inestimable.

SPURGEON, whose success as a preacher is largely due to the simplicity and directness of his sermons, gives us this clue to the work-shop where his weapons are forged: "The acquisition of another language affords a fine drilling for the practice of extempore speech. Brought into connection with the roots of words and the rules of speech, and being compelled to note the differentia of the two languages, a man grows by degrees to be much at home with parts of speech, moods, tenses, and inflections; like a workman, he becomes familiar with his tools, and handles them as every-day companions. I know of no better exercise than to translate, with as much rapidity as possible, a portion of Virgil or Tacitus, and then with deliberation to amend one's mistakes. Persons who know no better think all time thrown away which is spent upon the classics, but if it were only for the usefulness of such studies to the sacred orator, they ought to be retained in our collegiate institutions. Who does not see that the perpetual comparison of terms and idioms of two languages must aid facility of expression?"

WHAT men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. I believe that labor, judiciously and continuously applied, becomes genius.—*Lytton.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

We herewith close the interesting series of extracts from an English magazine, relating to the Oxford movement of one hundred and fifty years ago:

Such, then, was the Mutual Improvement Society. When at Oxford John Wesley was always the president. The masterful spirit which he showed at the Charter-house, and which was afterward so specially manifested throughout the whole of his marvelous career, brought him to the front. He was *facile princeps*. This is the declaration of the Oxford Methodists themselves. John Gambold writes: "Mr. Wesley, late of Lincoln College, has been the instrument of so much good to me that I shall never forget him. Could I remember him as I ought, it would have very near the same effect as if he were still present; for a conversation so unreserved as was his, so zealous in engaging his friends to every instance of Christian piety, has left nothing now to be said, nothing but what occurs to us as often as we are disposed to remember him impartially." And again: "Mr. John Wesley was always the chief manager, for which he was very fit; for he not only had more learning and experience than the rest, but he was blest with such activity as to be always gaining ground, and such steadiness that he lost none. What proposal he made to any was sure to charm them, because they saw him always the same." John Clayton, referring to him, speaks of him as "our best advocate and patron." James Hervey, writing to him, says, "I hereby thank you, as for all other favors, so especially for teaching me Hebrew." And again, "Assure yourself, dear sir, that I can never forget the tender-hearted and generous fellow of Lincoln who condescended to take such compassionate notice of a poor under-graduate whom almost every body else condemned, and when no man cared for my soul." John Whitelamb, writing to him after he had preached at Epworth on his father's grave, says: "Your way of thinking is so extraordinary that your presence creates an awe, as if you were an inhabitant of another world. . . . Dear sir, will you credit me? I retain the highest veneration for you. The sight of you moves me strangely. My heart overflows with gratitude. . . . I cannot refrain from tears when I reflect, 'This is the man who, at Oxford, was more than a father to me; this is he whom I have heard expound, or dispute publicly, or preach at St. Mary's, with such applause.'" Quotations might easily be multiplied. The letters written to Wesley prior to his departure for Georgia by members of the society abound in passages indicative of strong affection and profound veneration. These utterances clearly prove that the guiding spirit, the chief director, the president of the Holy Club was undoubtedly John Wesley.

The programme was almost entirely spiritual.* Its main features consisted of early rising, prayer for each other, constant communion, and a little later on, upon the advice of John Clayton, a strict observance of the fasts of the Church. They met usually each evening, generally in John Wesley's room, and after prayer they would sup, and then review the work of the day, and arrange as to what should be done on the morrow. Anxious for the spiritual well-being of others, they took especial pains with the younger members of the university, trying to promote among them habits of sobriety and religion. The condition of the prisoners greatly distressed them. Those condemned to die were under the care of the Bishop of Oxford's chaplain; all others were left to themselves, with their spiritual well-being altogether uncared for. These they regularly visited, diligently ministering to them in the Gospel. But they did not confine their prison visitation work to the castle. Over the north gate of the city, adjoining St. Michael's Church, was the debtor's jail, known by the name of "The Bocardo." Here Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were confined before their martyrdom. It was pulled down in 1771. The poor, uncared-for debtors were regularly visited and frequently helped by these devoted men. To them, later on, were added the paupers in the streets. Not only so, but they opened schools for the religious instruction of the children of the poor, and they visited the inmates of the workhouses.

It was only natural that the society should draw upon itself the ridicule of the under-graduates. The character of college life in those days was very similar, so far as morals went, to life outside. We get a very fair insight of it in a letter written by John Wesley to Mr. Morgan, about his son:

"Is he not surrounded, even in this recess, with those who are often more pernicious than open libertines? Men who retain something of outward decency, and nothing else; who seriously idle away the whole day, and repeatedly revel until midnight, and if not drunken themselves, yet encouraging and applauding those that are so; who have no more of the form than of the power of godliness, and though they do pretty often drop in at the public prayers, coming after the most solemn part of them is over, yet expressly disown any obligation to attend them."

This being the general character of the under-graduates, they would be sure to ridicule those who joined together for mutual improvement, and who encouraged each other to meet the requirements of the Gospel. Their conduct was a protest against frivolity and impiety. Merton nicknamed the little gathering "The Holy Club," and especially made merry over Robert Kirkham; Christ Church called the members of it "Sacramentarians;" others, "The Godly Club," "The Reforming Club," "The Enthusiasts." But the name by which they came to be known, and which has been a distinctive title ever since, was "Methodists." "Fogg's Weekly Journal," which had a recognized position and a considerable circulation, accused them of mopishness, censoriousness, hypocrisy, enthusiasm, madness, and superstitious scruples. "Among their own party," it said, "they passed for religious persons and men of extraordinary parts; but they have the misfortune to be taken by all who have ever been in their company for madmen and fools."

* The students, engaged as they were in literary and scientific work in the college from day to day, and in assisting students, did also occasionally in their evening meetings review the ancient classics.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

Political Economy—Money.

As we have said before, money has two functions, it is a measure of value and a medium of exchange. In the first place you must understand clearly that money need not necessarily be gold or silver. Some Chinese tribes had cubes of tea as money. Our Indians employed wampum in their exchanges. The Indians of Alaska estimate property in blankets, and a wife is worth so many chilcat blankets. The importance of having some standard by which to express the amount of wealth possessed by a man or a nation is obvious. When we say that Mr. Benly, for example, is worth twenty thousand dollars, we have a brief statement which gives us a clear idea of Mr. Benly's financial condition. If, on the other hand, we were compelled to say that Mr. Benly owned so many wagons, so many mules, so much land, and to give the whole list of his property, we should have not only a most confusing statement, but one which would give us little or no idea of the amount of his wealth. So, in the first place, money is the *measure of wealth*.

Money, however, is most important as a *medium of exchange*. And it is of interest to determine why gold and silver have been so generally selected as money. Any commodity which people agree to set aside as a medium of exchange becomes money. Thus we might take corn for money and estimate every thing in bushels of corn, and exchange our property by means of bushels of corn. Two difficulties present themselves in the case of corn money:

In the first place, the corn crop from year to year varies. Some years there would be a great deal of corn; other years it would be very scarce. So our corn money would fluctuate in a marked way. One year a hat might be worth a bushel of corn. Suppose the next year the corn crop was greatly increased, then perhaps a hat would be sold for two bushels of corn, because the more money there is the greater will be the amount of money given in exchange for any article. If, for example, a thousand bushels of corn were doing the exchange business of a village and the next year two thousand bushels were introduced to do the exchange business, two bushels would work where one had done duty before. On the other hand, in a year of scarcity the amount of corn might be reduced one half, and then the hat would be exchanged for half a bushel of corn. Thus we see that every year there would be great fluctuations and no one could predict with any certainty the value of any thing in corn money. So it is important that we should get some money that does not undergo great changes of value.

Secondly, corn is very bulky, and if a man were going to make a large purchase he would have to have wagon-loads of money. Pockets would be of no use, and even the poorest man would be compelled to have a wheel-barrow for a purse. So the second objection to corn money, or in fact any money composed of a commodity like corn, would be that it does not contain great value in little bulk. Two essentials, then, of good money are that it should not undergo great fluctuations in value and should contain great value in a small bulk.

Next week we shall consider the subject of gold and silver money, and describe the way in which our coins have reached their present form.

The Superlative Again.

Our readers will remember that in our first volume we spoke of the extravagancies of expression to which some people are addicted, mentioning particularly the frequent and unwarranted use of superlative adjectives.

Mr. Swinburne is an English poet belonging to the "intense" school, and known as the author of a good deal of verse full of fervid passion. This gentleman has recently published a fulsome panegyric on Victor Hugo, in which, to use a figure in harmony with Mr. Swinburne's style, he buries his hero under mountains of extravagant praise. The "Pall Mall Gazette" has so pointed and telling a criticism on this ambitious attempt of Mr. Swinburne to get above the ordinary level of the English language that we cannot refrain from giving a short extract:

There are some thinkers whose delight it is to soar into a fourth dimension of space, an exercise denied to the vulgar. Similarly, the pathetic struggle of Mr. Swinburne's life as a critic, and especially as a critic of Victor Hugo, is to attain, by hook or by crook, to a fourth degree of comparison. The architects of language have deplorably left it a mere three-story structure. Good, better, best; great, greater, greatest; sublime, sublimer, sublimest; in these three stages have our niggardly Aryan ancestors left us cabin'd, crib'd, confined. Mr. Swinburne chafes against this restriction. Starting from the third or superlative story, beneath which he seldom descends, it is his Titanic effort to add a fourth, fifth, sixth, nay, a fiftieth and sixtieth, altitude to the syntax of panegyric—to build it, in a word, into another Babel. In this attempt he exhausts the resources of a multitudinous rhetoric. Simile, metaphor, metonymy, alliteration, antithesis,

apostrophe, irony, hyperbole, every most fervid figure that ever rushed from a red-hot brain, is pressed into the service. Yet, after all, man is such a groveling creature that he cannot rise with any comfort above the humble superlative. As we follow Mr. Swinburne aloft we are seized first with a weariness, then with a vertigo, and finally with an unconquerable desire to return to the grammatico-logical house of bondage with its "good, better, best," supplemented, indeed, by the basement stages of "bad, worse, worst."

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Athletic Games.

Now is just the time to hold a field day of athletic sports. We described some time ago a good many of the events usually contested in out-door sports, and hinted at the organization of an athletic club. It would be well for all boys who are interested in these out-door games to meet and decide upon some time for a set of regular contests. It is not necessary to spend any large sum of money on games of this kind. The prizes need be nothing more than some simple ribbons upon which are printed in gilt letters the date, the club under whose auspices the games are held, and the event for which the ribbon is the prize.

Very probably some young lady friends of the athletes would be glad to make some hand-painted prizes for the occasion, in return for the pleasure which they would receive in watching the sports. The events to be contested are usually as follows:

One hundred yards dash.	Putting the shot.
Two hundred twenty yards dash.	Throwing the hammer.
Four hundred forty yards dash.	The running high-jump.
Half mile run.	The running broad-jump.
Mile run.	The "tug-of-war."
Two mile bicycle.	The pole-vault.
Mile walk.	

However, we advise the omission of the long distances, the mile run and the mile walk, as being too fatiguing for young boys. The other contests need not involve any danger of over-exertion.

The races should be run on a track, if possible; but if such cannot be secured, a running track may be measured off on an open field, and the races be run on the grass. This is a favorite track with English athletes, and they make some very fine records over the turf. Of course, the bicycle race could not be run on the grass, and this might be changed into a road race, which is almost as exciting, and perhaps a better test of ability to ride than a race over a smooth track on light machines. The boys can easily make the standards and simple appliances necessary for the jumps and the vaults. The pole for the pole-vault should be a very strong one. It is dangerous to use a pole that is at all weak, as a break when the vaulter is in the air might prove a very serious matter. The officers of the games should be a referee, two judges, and a couple of time-keepers. If the time-keepers do not agree it is the custom to "split the difference" between the two, and call that the "record."

A long enough notice of the games should be given, so that the boys who are to enter may have opportunity to practice and put themselves in the best of condition. Constant exercise and simple and well-selected diet are excellent helps toward a good physical condition; and we would urge upon the young athletes the importance of keeping themselves at all times in perfect health and vigor. Indulging in too much candy, or, worse still, the smoking of vile cigarettes, seriously impairs the strength, and the latter habit is especially injurious to the lungs. There is no reason or excuse for the smoking of cigarettes. If a boy is to be an athlete and a man, he will never touch the wretched little bundles of paper and waste tobacco.

Camp Sunnyside, Horse Cove, N. C., }
Mr. Editor: *July* 27, 1886. }

Twelve hundred miles from home and three thousand feet above sea-level, we two Yankees have our summer camp. It is on an unoccupied farm near the top of the Blue Ridge; streams of the purest water are tumbling and rushing down the mountains on every side, and above bends a sky the bluest of the blue. Around us on every hand are mountains clothed to the very tops in virgin forest, except where the dark face of the solid rock crowds off all vegetation.

Perhaps some of your readers would hardly call us campers, for, as we came here in search of health, we have many of the comforts of home, even to spring beds and a cow. The wonderfully even temperature, never above 86 deg., and averaging about 75 deg., the cool nights, the pure air and water, make this region one of the most healthful in the world. We live cheaply, have good appetites, plenty to eat, and, as the summer boarding-houses advertise, an abundance of milk and berries. We find the natives good-natured, hospitable, and, though ignorant, ready to learn. One said "he heerd say thet Chiny was in another world under this one." Another, also geographically inclined, wanted to know if Massachusetts was in Texas.

We are twenty-five miles from a railroad or telegraph, yet have a daily mail, and Our Youth regularly.

Yours in the clouds, E. H. B.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—IV.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

"Right!" answered Katrine. "You see before you a balsam pillow or a pine pillow, whichever you choose to call it. This, too, is an idea from the flower mission girls, although the ones they make are not as elaborate. May Sedgewick lent me this beauty which she has just finished for an invalid aunt. When May was in the White Mountains last summer she collected a bag full of balsam-fir twigs, pine-needles, branches of cedar and hemlock. Then she made a bag of unbleached cotton, seventeen inches long, eleven inches wide, and into this she sewed securely her twigs and needles. Over the whole she put the pongee cover, as you see. You can get pongee now in four or five different colors—red, blue, gray, old gold, and yellow—and in pieces just large enough for the pillows. Draw or have stamped in one corner a simple design in pine-needles or cones, and underneath a suggestive line, such as:

"'Balm of the forest.'

"'Give me of thy balm, O fir-tree.'

"'Dreams, sweet dreams, and wake to find them true.'

"'Nature's chiefest blessing, balmy slumber.'

"'The murmuring pines and the hemlocks.'

"'Such stuff as dreams are made of.'

"'A message from the woods.'

"Work the cones and needles in outline stitch with olive-green filoselle or etching silk, and the letters in two shades of some color contrasting well with the color of the pongee. This, you see, has a yellow cover and the letters are worked in red. Finish the edge of the pillow with a cord, if you like, and you have a fragrant and perhaps a beneficial reminder of the woods. For the sick people in the hospital the girls made the covers of white or ecru linen, outlined the design and letters, and added a bow in one corner. Instead of a pine pillow you can have a pine bag, if you like. Face the upper part of the bag with a contrasting color of silk, tie around it some ribbon of the same color, put some fancy bangles along the edge of the frill-like top, and you have the very latest fashion in scent-bags for parlor or bedroom. For these little bags, plush or satin can be used with solid embroidery for the designs.

"Girls!" exclaimed Kate, "I see three Christmas presents already coming into existence. Uncle Jim shall have a linen pine pillow for his study-chair, Aunt Mattie shall have a plush one for her parlor, and Tom shall have a pongee one for his college room—three people fixed!"

"But we haven't any twigs or needles," said Katherine.

"O, I forgot to tell you about that part," answered Katrina. "You can get the needles in almost any of the large stores where fancy work is sold. Our pines and cedars are not fragrant enough for the purpose, but the northern ones can be obtained very easily."

"Do let me give my information now," said Kate, "because it is eminently fitting."

The girls agreed, so Kate produced from her pocket a small object, announcing, laconically,

"Wood, three inches square, half an inch thick, planed on both sides, polished on one."

"Is it a Christmas present," inquired Kitty.

"Wait until I get to the point," went on Kate; "I wish you to understand the object as a whole first, and then I will tell my story. Miss Barton, mother's friend, was at our house the other day, and from her came my idea. She is a great botanist, and has collections of flowers, seeds, pollen, and every thing else. But the collection that most interested me was the wood collection. Here is a specimen of cherry, three inches square, as I said before. You can have your pieces of any size you desire, but their shape and thickness should be uniform. Mrs. Barton says that you have no idea what a pretty and useful collection this is, and not a hard one to make, as people are always glad to help if they can. She has a great many foreign woods that she has picked up here and there."

"Cousin Sam would be the very one to help in that way," interrupted Kitty, "for he sails every-where, you know."

"Yes, I had thought of him, and I had thought also what a good idea it would be to have a K. D. S. Museum some day, a sort of a depository for the fulfillment of our ideas."

"The very thing," said Kitty. "Let's begin with the wood collection at once. I can get some pieces from our new house."

The motion was carried and the K. D. S. adjourned.

Cleaning Light-colored Kid Gloves.

Stains may be removed even from the most delicately colored kid gloves without injury by suspending them for a day in an atmosphere of ammonia. Provide a tall glass cylinder, in the bottom of which place strong aqua ammonia. Be careful to remove from the sides of the jar any ammonia that may be spattered upon them. Suspend the gloves to the stopper in the jar. They must not come in contact with the liquid. —*From Laws of Life.*

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Victoria.

(Area, 87,884 sq. miles; population, 931,790; ruler, British Governor Sir H. B. Loch.)

VICTORIA, the most prosperous of the British colonies in Australia, occupies the south-eastern portion of the continent. Being in the south temperate zone its climate is pleasing, though subject to extremes of drought and rain. June is midwinter and December is midsummer. The principal mountains of Australia are the Alps, in the eastern part of Victoria. The rivers of the colony are small except the Murray, which forms the northern boundary. The colonists are almost universally of British descent. One half the population dwell in towns. Melbourne, the capital, is a fine city of 300,000 inhabitants, and Ballarat, Sandhurst, Geelong, and Castlemaine, are important places. Agriculture, grazing, and mining are the main sources of wealth, and grain, wool, and gold are the staple products. The annual output of the gold mines is valued at $15,000,000, and the product of the Victorian mines since their discovery in 1851 has exceeded $1,000,000,000. The railways of the colony are the property of the government, and aggregate 1,600 miles. There are 3,700 miles of telegraphs, and an efficient postal service.

Victoria was visited by Englishmen in 1789, but it was not till 1832 that settlers began to come in from Tasmania. The colony grew slowly for twenty years, wool-growing being almost the sole industry, but in 1851 it separated itself from New South Wales. The discovery of gold in that year brought swarms of immigrants, and for a time the increase of population was almost unprecedented. Melbourne became the metropolis of the south-eastern Pacific, and other towns sprang into prosperous life. In 1854 Victoria received its present constitution, under which the people choose the members of the legislative body and the queen appoints the governor. The feverish period of prosperity has ceased, and the growth of the colony is now steady and healthy.

The Conservative Government.

THE new government of Great Britain is composed of Conservatives only—a party which forms a minority of Parliament and which must rely upon outside support for any legislation which it may propose. Lord Hartington in behalf of his followers, the bulk of the Liberal Unionists or Anti-Home Rule Liberals, is said to have pledged this support upon certain conditions. To make sure of this contingent Lord Salisbury, the Conservative leader, was willing to serve in a cabinet of which Lord Hartington should be premier, but that gentleman refused to be thus bound. Lord Salisbury therefore becomes for the second time within two years the head of the government of Great Britain.

Save for the prominent position of young Lord Randolph Churchill, the new ministry is pronounced free from surprises. It is also considered rather under the average in executive talent and in debating power. The principal members are as follows:

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, the Marquis of Salisbury.
Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Randolph Churchill, who, by virtue of his appointment, becomes the recognized leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons.
Lord High Chancellor, Baron Halsbury.
Secretary for India, Sir Richard Assheton Cross.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Londonderry.
Lord President of the Council, Viscount Cranbrook.
Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Matthews, Q. C.
Secretary for War, Right Hon. W. H. Smith.
First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord George Hamilton.
President of the Board of Trade, Edward Stanley.
First Commissioner of Works, the Right Hon. David Plunkett.
Chief Secretary for Ireland, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Iddesleigh.
Postmaster-General, Right Hon. Henry Cecil Raikes.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord John Manners.
Lord Privy Seal, Earl Cadogan.

The Belfast Riots.

SAVAGE rioting began in Belfast, Ireland, on the evening of Saturday, Aug. 7, and continued at intervals until noon of the following Monday, when the troops which had been hurriedly collected succeeded in restoring order. The mobs, which began by sacking wine-shops and taverns, were not suppressed until much property had been destroyed and more than two hundred persons wounded, twelve of whom have since died.

Belfast is the second largest city of Ireland, and as the metropolis of Ulster is the center of Protestant influences as opposed to Dublin, the Catholic capital. The city has been the scene of serious riots in former years, and then as now, the source of the trouble was religious hatred. In outbreaks like these it is not easy to assign the responsibility. The Orangemen charge it upon the Catholics, who hurl back the accusation. The London papers distribute the blame according to their own partisan ideas. One journal accuses Parnell of the butchery, while another traces the bloodshed to Lord Randolph Churchill, who told the Ulstermen some weeks ago that England would aid them to resist by force of arms the dominion of the Catholics. Wherever the blame lies the terrible facts serve to increase the difficulty of arranging a government for Ireland under which both parties shall have liberty and peace.

The Mexican Trouble.

THE present difficult with Mexico grew out of the case of one A. K. Cutting, an American citizen who established a newspaper in El Paso del Norte, a Mexican town on the Rio Grande. In this paper he denounced as a fraud one Medina, a Mexican who undertook to start a rival journal in the town. On the complaint of Medina, Cutting was tried and convicted of libel and ordered to retract his accusation. He accordingly printed a retraction in his own paper, at the same time issuing a card in which he reiterated the libel. This card he inserted in a paper published on the Texas bank, but circulating on both sides of the boundary. Cutting was again arrested and was charged with contempt of court. He asserted, however, that the Mexican authorities were powerless in the case, the offense having been committed in the United States. From his prison he appealed to the authorities at Washington. Secretary Bayard immediately demanded his release; but the trial proceeded and the prisoner was convicted, Excited feeling prevailed in Texas, and troops assembled at El Paso del Norte to guard the prisoner against a rescue. Congress adjourned without acting in the matter, and the affair is in the hands of the Secretary of State. Some of the questions of law involved in the case are of a delicate nature, and the settlement proceeds slowly. But there need be no fear that the impatient Texans will precipitate a war.

Commissioner Squire.

THE present Commissioner of Public Works in the city of New York is Rollin M. Squire whose nomination by Mayor Edson, in December, 1884, was confirmed without delay by the Board of Aldermen which has since become notorious. Squire was a Boston lawyer, unknown in New York, and the ease with which he obtained this responsible office was the subject of much comment. On July 28, 1886, Mayor Grace summoned Squire to answer certain charges, chief among which was the corrupt bargain outlined in the following letter:

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 26, 1884.

Maurice B. Flynn, Esq.—

DEAR SIR: In consideration of your securing not less than four County Democracy aldermen, who shall vote for my confirmation as Commissioner of Public Works, on the event that the mayor shall send in my name for that office, I hereby agree to place my resignation as commissioner, in case of my confirmation, in your hands whenever you may demand the same; and further, to make no appointments in said office without your approval, and to make such removals therein as you may suggest and request, and to transact the business of said office as you may direct.

Very truly yours,
ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Maurice B. Flynn, to whom the letter was addressed, is a politician of influence whose business is securing contracts on the public works of the city. The firm of which he is a member holds contracts for paving some of the principal avenues, and is largely interested in the construction of the new aqueduct and the sub-way for the telegraph wires. The letter was in the hands of the late Hubert O. Thompson until shortly before his death, when it came into the possession of the mayor. Squire acknowledges that he wrote the letter, but afterward, becoming conscious of its folly, he demanded it from Thompson and received a document which he destroyed without examining it, supposing it to be the letter. The hearing before the mayor will doubtless terminate in the removal of the commissioner. Nor is this all. The grand jury has indicted both Squire and Flynn for conspiracy. They have been arrested and released on bail.

A Brief Survey.

BY the will of Samuel J. Tilden the sum of $3,500,000 is left for the establishment of a public library in New York city.——Commissioner Squire and Contractor Flynn were arrested August 10 on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the treasury of New York city.——Hazlett and Potts, two Buffalo coopers, succeeded in passing through the Niagara rapids August 8 in a cask.——Forest fires are raging in the northern portions of Wisconsin and Michigan. Valuable timber and several villages have been destroyed.——The national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at San Francisco closed August 7. Lucien Fairchild, of Wisconsin, was chosen commander-in-chief.——John W. Stevenson, ex-governor and ex-senator of Kentucky, died August 10.

De Lesseps announces that he has raised $40,000,000 for the Panama canal, and that the work will surely be completed in 1889. His confident statements are discredited by reports of the backward condition of affairs at the Isthmus.——The meeting of the Emperor William of Germany with Emperor-King Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary at Gastein was most cordial.——The newspapers of Sweden and Denmark are discussing the construction of a tunnel under the "Sound," to connect Copenhagen with Malmö in Sweden. The tunnel would be seven and a half miles long.

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Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Some men have greatness thrust upon them, especially when a fat person sits next to them in the street cars.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"Those who use our goods are very much attached to them," is what a porous-plaster company advertises.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

—"Where is the best place to get fat?" asked a thin housekeeper of a neighbor.
"All over!" was the unexpected reply.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

—Somewhat Absent-minded.—Professor Zweibeer of the University of Bonn is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problems. The servant hastily opens the door of his studio and announces a great family event.
"A little stranger has arrived."
"Eh?"
"There is a little boy."
"Little boy! Well, ask him what he wants."—*From the German in Texas Siftings.*

—The "American Angler" asks: "Do lobsters shrink in boiling?" No, never! They don't shrink until they are made up into salad, and then they shrink so much that you cannot for the life of you tell whether they have evaporated or turned into lettuce.—*Puck.*

—A new game at Newport this year is called "Ancestors." It is played by seven people, one of whom must be from Philadelphia. The Philadelphian is placed in the center of a circle formed by the other six players, and tells stories about his family. The others try to believe him, and the first one who believes wins the game.—*Ex.*

—The railway companies want to lay their tracks with hardened sleepers. One of the New Haven ministers says that his congregation has material enough to set up a whole parallel road.—*New Haven News.*

—Bacon Coming Up.—At an evening party in Chicago a literary lady who wants her city to clothe itself in the "Tyrian purple" that Miss Cleveland so beautifully and touchingly alludes to, turned to her neighbor, a successful pork merchant, and said:
"Don't you think this Shakespearean controversy, recently awakened by the cipher revelations of Mr. Donnelly, will result in a renewed interest in Bacon?"
"Renewed interest in bacon?"
"Yes, isn't Bacon rising?"
"O certainly, madam, certainly, bacon's coming up every day, but lard is way down."—*Texas Siftings.*

—According to the London "Lancet," the reason people who have had a foot amputated still imagine that it pains them is simply owing to "irritation of the sensory fibers of a divided nerve being referred to a terminal distribution of the fibers." It is a wonder the rest of us never thought of that. It seems so reasonable. We learn a great deal by merely finding out things we didn't know before.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An Eastern drummer who was in Knoxville listened to the complaints of a mountaineer about hard times for ten or fifteen minutes, and then observed:
"Why, man, you ought to get rich shipping green corn to the Northern market."
"Yes, I orter," was the reply.
"You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed?"
"Yes."
"Then why don't you go into the speculation?"
"No use, stranger," sadly replied the native. "The old woman is too plumb lazy to do the plowing and planting."—*Nashville Banner.*

—He rang the door-bell several times, and was going down the steps when a boy came along and said it was an empty house.
"Ah! but I thought the family might be sojourning at the sea-shore."
"O, you did? Well, I belong to the family, and at present we are sojourning on the fourth floor back in the next street. We haven't been to the seashore since dad thought oil was going to jump several points."
"Didn't it jump?"
"She did, but it was backward."—*Wall Street News.*

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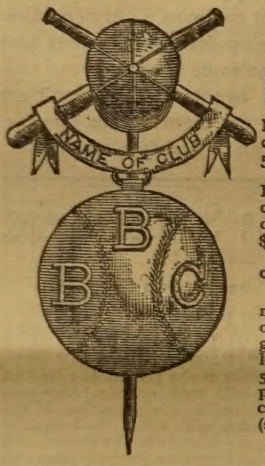

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